

Parent Teacher Panic by GallifreyGod

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe, F/M, Fluff, Humor, Pining, Romance, Teacher!Hopper

Language: English

Characters: Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers, Mentions of Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Joyce Byers & Jim "Chief" Hopper, Joyce Byers/Jim "Chief" Hopper

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-11-05

Updated: 2017-11-05

Packaged: 2022-04-02 14:37:27

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,860

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Jim Hopper never imagined he would be a Kindergarten teacher when he moved back to Hawkins. He also never imagined he would understand 'Love at first sight' either.

Parent Teacher Panic

Author's Note:

a/n - Jim was never a cop and Joyce isn't working at Melvald's. Picture her like, I dunno, a temp or something :)

"Alright, you can do this Jim." The words repeated in his mind over and over as he continued to tidy the top of his desk. Never in a million years did Jim Hopper think he would be a kindergarten teacher at Hawkins Elementary.

His new job sounded like a joke to anybody who knew him in his younger ages. His old football buddies busted a gut when he told them over drinks.

Of course, the lack of moral support was to be expected. Nobody in Hawkins was that successful so nobody felt the need to route others on, but Jim was a big boy. Maybe it was because his lack of work with kids or him being rough around the edges in his teenage years, but he had hoped he would still do a decent job.

Luckily for Hopper, the first few children that came in weren't all that attached and crying at their mothers' hips, but for the ones who were, Hopper managed to persuade them with toys. It wasn't as hard as he expected.

Then she came in. Jim had never seen a woman with such glorious beauty in his life. Her milky skin was complimented by the curly chocolate locks that bounced on her shoulders. Her ensemble suited her small figure with a silk black blouse and a dark green, calf-high pencil skirt. She was barely wearing any makeup but her natural beauty was breathtaking. And then she smiled, and Hopper thought he had an aneurysm.

"Hi, hello! I'm uh... Jopper, *Hopper!* Jim Hopper!" Well, that went fucking fantastic. First 10 seconds and he was already illiterate, but the woman only smiled.

"Nice to meet you, Mr. Hopper. This is my son Will. I think he's in your class?" They directed their attention to the frightened little boy clutching to her leg.

"Will! Will Byers! Ah-h yes." Hopper stuttered mercilessly until he bent down to the scared little six year old.

"Hi Will, I'm Mr. Hopper." Jim said as he stuck his hand out to shake the little boy's hand. Will was hesitant but shook his new teacher's hand.

"See that little boy over there?" Hopper asked as he pointed to a solo little boy who had jet black hair. Will nodded and looked back up to his new friendly teacher.

"His name is Mike, and he is feeling pretty scared himself. Maybe you'd like to color with him?" Hopper asked with hopeful eyes. Little Will started to sport a smile while Hopper realized he had hit the jackpot on the first try.

"Give me a hug, big boy, I'll be back in just a little bit, alright?" Will's mom spoke as she knelt down to hug him. Will was hesitant again but with a little nudge from his Mrs. Byers, he ran off to Mike.

"Thank you for that. He's a pretty anxious little boy." Mrs. Byers said with her own nervous smile as she peeked over to see Will settling in at his table.

"I'm sure he will do great today, Mrs. Byers." Luck was starting to turn on Hopper's side as he gained his eloquence back... sorta. At least when he wasn't looking at her directly.

"I hope so. I forgot to introduce myself, I'm Joyce." She smiled and stuck her hand out to shake his but Hopper felt like he was paralyzed.

After a millisecond too long, Hopper gained back his ability to comprehend and gently shook her hand back.

"Joyce! I love that name, I uh I had a neighbor with the last name Boyce which sounds the same but Joyce is much prettier.... I'm rambling oh my God." Jim had said it all in one breath. Quickly he

retracted his hand and physically wrapped his other hand around his mouth to shut himself up. All he wanted to do was melt into a pile of nothing.

But the enigma by the name of Joyce had just smiled and giggled at him. "Is it your first day too?" She asked him with her gorgeous smile.

Hopper took an embarrassed exhale as he nodded his head slowly. "Yeah, yeah it is. I, I probably shouldn't keep you too long." Jim said with another terribly nervous laugh.

"Well, it was nice chatting with you, Mr. Hopper. I'll be back at 1:00 to pick up Will." Joyce said with a smile as she walked away.

•

The first six months of Hopper teaching kindergarten had flown by. All of the kids were lovely and never gave him a hard time. Even when he tried to carry himself as a big man outside of school, all of his students saw him as the teddy bear he truly was.

Hopper said his embarrassing 'Hello' every morning to Mrs. By-Joyce.. her name was Joyce. Hopper didn't even want to think about who had made her a "Mrs. Byers."

Some mornings were better than others but Jim found himself excited to wake up every weekday morning to see Joyce. Her kind eyes and soft-hearted laugh could put a smile on his face all day.

But this was the week he was dreading. This was parent-teacher conference week. He would have to have a one on one meeting with Joyce.

Of course, they had nothing to worry about with Will. He was a saving grace as a student. He did his homework like a champ, he played nice with the other kids, he knew his letters and numbers, and overall he was a star student.

It was himself he was worried about. The first 3 minutes with Joyce had been filled with the absolute most embarrassing 90 seconds of his life. Now he would have to spend who knows how long with her, alone!

So, as he practically inhaled his coffee all day, Jim anxiously awaited his meeting with Joyce. The kids could tell something was up because Mr. Hopper had let them play all day. Probably because he felt like he was going to vomit when he talked.

His and Joyce's meeting was the first of the ones on his schedule, which felt like both a blessing and a curse. He wouldn't have to brave through other meetings with the fear of his and Joyce's but it meant he wouldn't have any time to prepare himself.

Joyce had picked up Will from school while the assistant teacher took over dismissal so Hopper could nab a smoke. He didn't realize until he had taken his first puff that he would probably smell like a cigarette for the rest of the day.

Spraying himself with old cologne from his car, *which didn't smell much better*, Hopper prayed to any God that would listen for a miracle not to smell like garbage.

A small knock at the door had made Hopper's heart stop. He looked up from his grading papers and couldn't hold the smile from his face.

"Sorry, I'm a few minutes late Mr. Hopper. I had to get gas and drop Will off at Mike's. Been a bit busy." Joyce laughed as she shook Hopper's hand.

"Not a problem at all Mrs. Byers. I believe you're right on time." Hopper said as he found an excuse to look at his watch. Her stunning brown eyes made his chest feel constricted and he needed an escape.

"Please, Call me Joyce." She reassured. Hopper chuckled nervously. "Joyce." He said with a faint nod. "Is Will's father coming as well?" Jim asked, hoping he hadn't overstepped any boundaries. In the last six months, he had only seen Joyce pick up and drop off Will.

"Oh, No. He's not around. Guess you'll just have to deal with me." Joyce joked smoothly which only made the hair on Hopper's neck raise higher.

"Oh, sorry, I uh, I shouldn't have asked. I'm sorry." Hopper shifted nervously but Joyce reassured him it was alright.

"Alright. Will is doing amazing. He is the best student in my entire class. His grades have held perfectly steady throughout the semester, he gets along great with others. He seems to be making friends. The only thing I've noticed is he isn't keen on playing outside. He tends to read or draw by the picnic tables outside but since it isn't a Phys Ed grade, it's shouldn't be a problem." Hopper managed to get it all out without a stutter but he was looking down at his sheet of paper.

"Will has always been the kind of kid who likes to stay laid back. He wasn't usually outside playing catch with Lon- his dad. Given that I'm at work a lot, I don't get many chances to play outside with him. His older brother tries but he's in middle school so he's usually swamped with homework." Joyce replied as she looked down at her hands sheepishly.

"I wouldn't worry about it too much Joyce. He's a good kid, I'm sure when it starts to warm up more outside he will start to integrate with the other kids." Alright, that was the second time in a row he was able to speak without stuttering. Maybe this wasn't too bad.

"I hope so." Joyce said with a hopeful smile as her eyes clashed with his view. Why was his heart beating so hard? Why were his palms sweating?

"I think, from what I can tell, I think you're an amazing mother. You have raised an amazing young boy who... who is just a... he's a perfect kid. I.. I'd love to have *him* for a son" *There it was.* "But! That's not what I meant, I meant it like I hope I have a son *like* him someday."

Hopper continued nervous babbling but Joyce just smiled and laughed. "Jim." She interrupted him quietly and he stopped dead in his tracks.

His eyes met hers and it felt like they were the only ones in the world. He remembered to close his gaping mouth when his mother's words echoed in his head. "*Jim honey, you're gonna catch flies with that gape.*"

"Why do you get so nervous around me?" Joyce asked innocently, keeping her grin set on her face. "I don't bite." She added. "*Unless you*

want me to" She said in her mind.

Hopper surrendered himself and set his elbows to his desk, crossing his hands. "I... haven't been able to figure that out yet." He said with a smile and a gentle shrug. "You just... amaze me. I'm your child's teacher, I'm not really supposed to just come out and say that but... you amaze me." He said quietly, his voice no longer shaking.

Joyce smiled and pulled a small card out of her purse. Borrowing a pen from his desk, she quickly wrote something down and capped the pen.

With a cheeky grin, she pressed the small card in his hand. Quickly, he flipped it over and read it.

"317-555-0146"

When Hopper looked up with his mouth slack, Joyce had stood out of her seat and looked down at him.

"Let's get coffee sometime." She said with her signature smile as she proudly walked out of the room.

"Yes!" Hopper cheered silently as he put his fist in the air.

Fin

Author's Note:

Duffer Brothers owns me these characters